

FARMING IN THE OLD DAYS

—

Much More so These
Days.

CORN SOLD AT TEN CENTS

When Farming Was Much Harder
Work Than Now and
Paid Less.

To get a clear idea of what progress agriculture has made, it is necessary to look at the conditions under which farming was done in the first half of the century. The average amount of land

came upon the farmer in the form of a pest, particularly in those states where there was little prairie and where the timber was large and heavy. Therefore, houses had to be built for the family, and stables to shelter the stock, and also churches and school-houses, for the men who settled Ohio, and, in fact, most of our states, were men of ideas, who were determined to give their children education and to minister to their higher wants as well as to the wants of the body. When roads were to be built and bridges constructed, as the market in those days was accessible only by wagon, and this

Another hindrance to agricultural progress was the character of the implements, which the farming must be done, they were crude and clumsy, mostly made by the nearest blacksmith; and under the hoes, instead of being the light, steel hoes so easy of operation, were clumsily forged by the blacksmith, and the handles were made and put in by the farmer, and often these handles were simply bean poles.

ore often at a great distance from home, but were also easily glutted, as the lands had not made growth enough to furnish a market for the surplus of the farm even when that surplus was small. Unfortunate was the man who was located within 50 miles of a good market for his products, and even then he sometimes could find the market so glutted that after having drawn his load a long distance to it, he could not dispose of his products. As an illustration of this, a neighbor of mine—a man of about my

"His father said to him: 'There is the corncrib; abolish it, and the corn you wish; take the load to the market, and sell it, and you may have what you want, and the money it brings.' He shelled a two-horse load of corn, took it to the market, and he sold it for four cents a bushel, and he carried 40 miles distant will be a deal. He found the market so glutted with corn that he could get for it, and was not able to dispose of more than half his load, so that he have forgotten now whether he drew the load home or left it there, and a commission man

as products. During the '40s, when it was old enough to work on the farm, he can recall prices received for eggs sold at about 15 cents a dozen, or 100 pounds, and the highest I remember during this period was \$3.50 a hundred pounds. This was considered a remarkably good price for those who were within 75 or 75 miles of a market. And, the main reason we were in the open market in November, the price had dropped to February to \$1.75. Eggs sold as low as three cents a dozen, and potatoes at times were scarcely worth drawing to market, selling at 15 cents a bushel. Then there was a locust year of 1944, and the price of locusts was high, and

ushel in the spring and advance to
before the following spring. There
might be an abundant crop and a glut
the market within 100 miles, but farm-

the wagoning of potatoes that distance could largely reduce this profit. The want of transportation to market was one of the greatest troubles of the farmers, for it not only lowered the price or increased the cost of marketing what they had to sell, but it also made what they had to buy, especially from an eastern market, very high in price. The only way to get potatoes to the time and place of sale, "hither to the mountains, Baltimore and Washington (which markets) was to wagon them across the Alleghany mountains, and as a consequence the farmer paid more than double

My father in the '60s shows that nals
off at 10 and 12 cents a pound; sugar,
coffee, calico and muslin at nearly double
the price at which they can now be
bought. The first clean clover seed he
may have paid \$20 a bushel, as no clover
mowers had been invented at that time
and the only way to get clean seed was
tramp a flooring with four horses
several days, and then only about
half the seed was clean, and the chaff
was invariably blown away on the
range. The article was written for the
Tribune. Waldo F. Brown in New

The village of 'Sconset, on the eastern shore of Nantucket Island, possesses in the ancient and diminutive houses of its fishermen a domestic architecture indigenous, quaint, and unique. They hug the ground; their hospitable doorsteps crowd to the narrow streets; their low eaves are within reach of the hand. The windows, of many panes, are small and high, with charming arrangements of white

gray, weather-beaten shingled walls. There are unexpected effects of roofs and blees, and ivy-mantled wings, which then frame a few square feet of door-d, gay with old-fashioned flowers—lilyhocks, marigolds, and phlox—which come riotously in the salt, moist air of a place.

The more pretentious houses of the island have look-out platforms built on the eaves of their sloping roofs, where, in a cold whale-fishing days, the people at home watched for the ships returning

neans, or looked the last on the dim-
ppling sails of the outgoing whalers.
There is also in 'Seasent an old church,
with a beautiful colonial belfry, which
commands a fine view of the village, the
poors, and the encompassing ocean, and
there is a deserted, weather-beaten win-
dill standing idle on a hill, which gives
a homely old place a strangely for-
lorn air.

AT OUR TABLE.

We sat at the head of the table.

and the wee board was spread
on the foot to the head
With the products of things she had
"tried."
But all of these viands were wholesome,
For all of these viands seemed right,
And the love in her eyes as she shared
your surprise
Proclaimed every dish a delight.—Alice
Mary.